



No.99

MAY...TEN CENTS



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANOTHER
PENGUIN
ADVENTURE!



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SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

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YOUR NOSE, ON
EVERY NEWSSTAND
—THE **SUPERMAN**
DC SYMBOL... YOUR
GUARANTEE OF TOP
ENTERTAINMENT
IN ADVENTURE
AND HUMOR!

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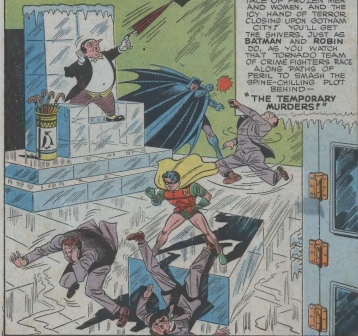


BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

NOW THAT THE PESTIFEROUS PENGUIN IS BACK IN COLD STORAGE, IT CAN BE TOLD—THIS WEIRD TALE OF FROZEN MEN AND WOMEN, AND THE ICY HAND OF TERROR CLOSING UPON GOTHAM CITY? YOU'LL GET THE SHIVERS, JUST AS BATMAN AND ROBIN DO, AS YOU WATCH THAT TORNADO TEAM OF CRIME FIGHTERS RACE ALONG PATHS OF PERIL TO SMASH THE SPINE-CHILLING PLOT BEHIND—

"THE TEMPORARY MURDERS!"



A HEAT WAVE COMES TO GOTHAM CITY. AND HONEST CITIZENS SWELTER...

HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

I'LL MAKE IT TWICE AS HOT FOR THE NEXT GUY THAT ASKS ME THAT SILLY QUESTION!

BUT LOOK AT THESE MEN!

BRRR! I BET IT'S WARMER AT THE NORTH POLE!

AN HOUR AGO YOU WERE SQUAWKIN' ABOUT THE HEAT, JIMJAM!

AT LAST, THE BOSS IS COMIN'!

OUR THIRD AND LAST DELIVERY FOR TODAY IS READY, GENTLEMEN!

THAT'S GOOD, PENGUIN! IT'S COMFORTIN' TO KNOW SOMEBODY IS COLDER'N ME!

ORK!

ORKLE!

HANDLE IT CAREFULLY! IT'S BRITTLE, YOU KNOW!

ALL I NEED TO KNOW IS THAT IT'S WORTH FIFTY GRAND!

WE JUST LEAVE IT AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE, LIKE THE OTHERS, HUR?

THE PENGUIN, BIRD OF ILL OMEN, CHORTLES HAPPILY AS HE LEAVES THE FRIGID ROOM...

HA, HA, HA! OF ALL THE CLEVER CRIMES MY GENIUS HAS CONTRIVED, THIS IS THE CLEVEREST! RICHES AND POWER ARE JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

AND ENTERS A PALACE OF ICE, COLD AS THE HEART WITHIN HIM!

AND WHAT A HIDEOUT I'VE PICKED FOR MYSELF! IT'S FOOL-PROOF, POLICE-PROOF—AND BATMAN-PROOF!

ORK!

2

ON THIS VERY DAY, BRUCE WAYNE ATTENDS A DIRECTOR'S MEETING OF A SHIPPING COMPANY IN WHICH HE IS FINANCIALLY INTERESTED...

WHAT'S KEEPING ROGERS? HE'S NEARLY 40 MINUTES LATE!

MAYBE THE HEAT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM!

PRESENTLY...

WHAT'S THIS? YOU MEN WANT THE SHIPPING ROOM IN THE BASEMENT?

WRONG, BROTHER! OUR ORDERS WERE TO DELIVER THIS TO THE DIRECTOR'S ROOM!

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SIZE AND SHAPE OF THAT BOX GIVES ME A SHIVERY FEELING!

HURRY UP! I'M CURIOUS!

WHATEVER IS INSIDE IS PACKED IN SAWDUST!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THIS NOTE THAT WAS TACKED TO THE BOX!

GREAT CAESAR! IT'S ROGERS—AND HE'S COLD AS ICE!

NOT NECESSARILY DEAD! LISTEN TO THIS!

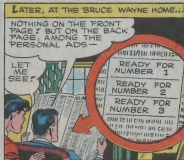
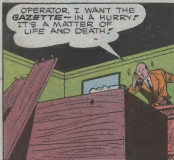
DEAD!

THE NOTE SAYS: "THIS MAN IS ONLY TEMPORARILY DEAD BUT WILL BE PERMANENTLY SO WITHIN 48 HOURS UNLESS YOU PAY \$50,000. FOR THE SECRET OF THAWING HIM OUT SAFELY. IF INTERESTED, PRINT IN THE GAZETTE'S PERSONAL COLUMN: READY FOR NUMBER 3."

THAW HIM OUT? IMPOSSIBLE! CALL THE POLICE!

WAIT! FREEZING USUALLY DESTROYS CERTAIN BLOOD CELLS—BUT HOW DO WE KNOW THAT WHOEVER FROZE ROGERS DIDN'T PREVENT THAT BY SOME CHEMICAL MEANS? WE'VE GOT TO SAVE ROGERS IF WE CAN—AND THAT MEANS WE'D BETTER NOT CALL THE POLICE!

YOU THINK THEY MIGHT SCARE OFF THE CROOKS AND WE'D NEVER LEARN THE SECRET, EH?

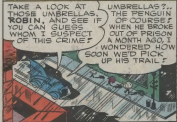




**THROUGH A TRAGING STORM—
THE FIRST BREAK IN THE HEAT
WAVE — RACES THE STREAMLINED
BATMOBILE ?**

TAKE A LOOK AT
THOSE UMBRELLAS,
ROBIN, AND SEE IF
YOU CAN GUESS
WHOM I SUSPECT
OF THIS CRIME?

UMBRELLAS?..
THE PENGUIN
OF COURSE!
WHEN HE BROKE
OUT OF PRISON
A MONTH AGO, I
WONDERED HOW
SOON WE'D PICK
UP HIS TRAIL ?



COME TO THINK OF
IT, PENGUINS ARE
SUPPOSED TO
THRIVE AT LOW
TEMPERATURES?

PLENTY OF LOW
TEMPERATURES
AROUND HERE!
NEARLY EVERY
COLD STORAGE AND
REFRIGERATION
PLANT IS WITHIN
THREE BLOCKS
OF US ?



OOPS!
BEG
PARDON!

THAT
GOES
DOUBLE!

WHAT-?



THE
PENGUIN?

BATMAN
AND
ROBIN?

WHAT A
PLEASANT
SURPRISE!



SPEAKING OF
SURPRISES —
HERE'S
ANOTHER ?

LOOK
OUT ?
A
NET ?

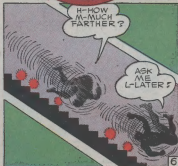
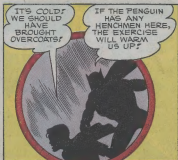
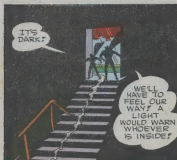


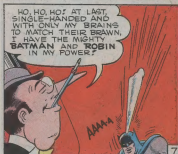
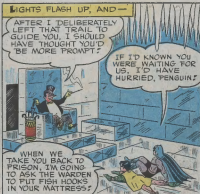
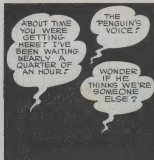
TA, TA! I HOPE YOU
APPRECIATE MY INGENUITY
IN LINING THAT FISH NET
WITH FISH HOOKS ?

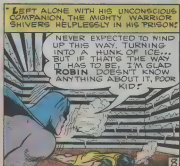
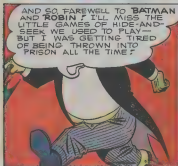
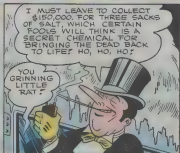
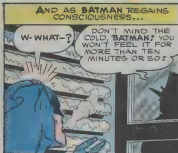
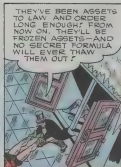
DON'T
STRUGGLE,
ROBIN!
THE MORE
CAREFUL WE
ARE, THE
SOONER WE'LL
GET RID
OF THIS!

OUCH!..









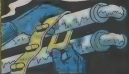


IF I HAD SOMETHING
TO USE AS A LEVER,
I MIGHT PRY ONE OF
THOSE PIPES LOOSE!



BATMAN'S
UTILITY BELT
HAS STOOD
HIM IN GOOD
STEAD MANY
TIMES—BUT
NEVER
BEFORE HAS
ITS STRONG
METAL
BUCKLE BEEN
CALLED UPON
TO SUPPLY
SUCH
LEVERAGE
AS
THIS!

A FORLORN HOPE—BUT
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
TRYING! WE'LL BOTH
BE DEAD IN A FEW
MINUTES, IF SOMETHING
DOESN'T HAPPEN!



POWERFUL MUSCLES STRAIN
TO THEIR UTMOST!

SOMETHING'S—GOT TO—
BREAK! IF ONLY—IT ISN'T
—THE BELT—OR MY BACK!



AND AT LAST...

THERE'S NOW I'VE GOT
TO WORRY ABOUT
AMMONIA FUMES,
WHICH WILL KILL
QUICKER THAN
COLD!



CAN'T—
BREATHE! CAN'T
EVEN—OPEN
MY EYES!

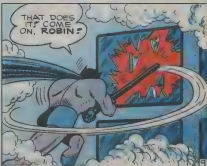


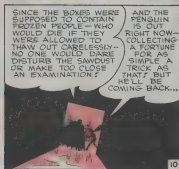
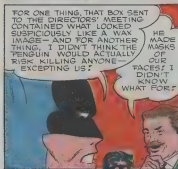
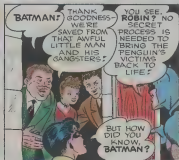
HOLD YOUR BREATH,
ROBIN! WE'LL BE
OUT OF HERE IN A
SECOND OR
TWO!

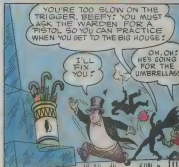
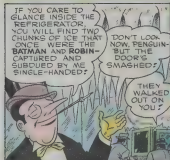
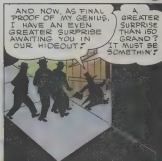
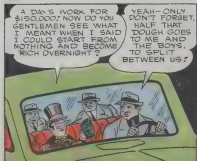


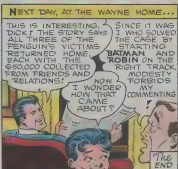
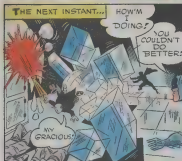
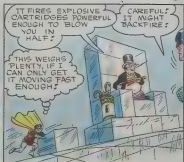
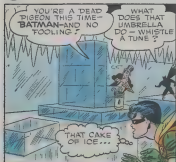
WHAT—
(GASP)—
WHERE?

THAT DOES
IT! COME
ON, ROBIN!











QUIMBY IS SHOWING MIGHTY GOOD JUDGMENT IN HIS EATING. HIS FAVORITE DISH IS A MAN-SIZED SERVING OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

IT'S THE DISH FOR YOU, TOO. BIG FLAKES OF GOOD WHOLE WHEAT. FRESH ROASTED. CRISP-TOASTED. FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH MALTY-RICH SYRUP. CHUCK FULL OF SOLID WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT. AND LOADED WITH "HAVE-ANOTHER-BOWLFUL" FLAVOR.

YES, YOU'LL WANT THIS CHAMPION BREAKFAST DISH EVERY DAY. SO PUT IN YOUR BID FOR LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT
 A Product of General Mills, Inc.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.



SEARCHING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAY-STACK IS NURSERY STUFF COMPARED TO HUNTING DOWN A FANCY FENCE, AND THAT'S THE JOB THAT SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN HAVE TO TACKLE. WHEN, WITH JUST A SHADOW OF A CLUE, THEY TRY TO PUT THEIR FINGER ON A LOAD OF PRECIOUS LOOT, THE MISSING STUFF IS PLENTY HOT, AND OUR SIZZLING SLEUTHS GET MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR AS THEY MATCH THEIR WITS AND FISTS AGAINST A VICIOUS, **VETERAN IN VILLAINY!**

ONE AFTER-NOON, AS DETECTIVES SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN VISIT A FORMER CLIENT...

THIS HERE MINK IS SWELL. LADY... OR MAYBE IT'S MUSKRAT... OR MAYBE DYED SQUIRREL! WELL, ANYHOW ...YOU CAN SEE IT'S OKAY!

I'M AFRAID YOUR NEW MAN DOESN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT FURS, MR. DEVERE.

HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING! THAT SETTLES IT... HE'S FIRED!

BUT SEVERAL DAYS LATER, A NEW MAN FILLS THE JOB, AND...

DEAR ME, I'M AFRAID THAT I SPENT MUCH MORE THAN I INTENDED TO! BUT YOUR SALESMAN IS SUCH AN EXPERT... SO CONVINCING!

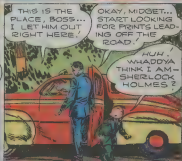
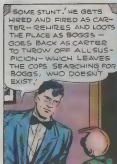
I'M GLAD HE PLEASES YOU, MRS. VAN UPTON!

GOOD DAY, MRS. VAN UPTON!



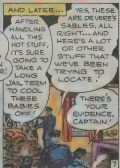












THERE'S ONE OF
THESE PLANES-A
PRIZE FOR YOU-
IN EVERY PACKAGE
OF PEP



LATEST, AUTHENTIC UNITED NATIONS

War Plane Models!

EASY TO ASSEMBLE! PRINTED IN COLOR!
STURDY! LONG-LASTING!

WAIT'LL YOU SEE this new series of plane models of latest United Nations' warplanes—fighters, bombers, dive bombers and transports! Absolutely authentic in outline—you can use 'em for spotter identification!

Lots of fun! Educational!

What you'll really want these well scale models for is to build your own fleets of planes—swarms of 'em! You can "blacken the skies" in your room with wonderfully realistic models of the very planes that have fought against the Nazis and the Nips!

You can trade 'em—fight sham air battles with 'em—hang 'em on strings in battle formation. There's no end of fun and amusement you can have with these brightly-

colored, sturdy, easy-to-put-together warplane models.

Get 'em as Prize!

They're easy to get, too. No box tops to send in, no extra money, nothing! You get one as a PRIZE right in your package of PEP! And there's one in every package! Press out clean and neat. Assemble without fuss. You'll love 'em! And you'll love PEP, too—because it's not only delicious-tasting, but a sound, muscle-building breakfast food, chock-full of important, whole-wheat "builder-uppers," and liberally fortified with VITAMIN B, and VITAMIN D. In fact, KELLOGG'S PEP is the kind of breakfast cereal you'll want to hoast to the gang about eating. Get your PEP, and model plane PRIZE, soon!

Get models of these planes!

Douglas A-24

"Devilfish"

Curtis P-40P

"Warhawk"

Yough JR-15

"Beechster"

Consolidated Vulture

B-24 "Liberator"

Shen "Sanderland"

Wendland "Whirlwind"

"Yak 4"



Curtis SB2C-1C

"Helldiver"

Lockheed C-69

"Constellation"

Lockheed B-34

"Venture"

Douglas C-34

"Skymaster"

Aero "Lancaster"

Handley-Page

"Harropden"

C-18



Nothing to mail
or send in-
Get one as a
PRIZE in
every package
of PEP



FLASH!

Listen to SUPERMAN for more exciting details of these swell prizes and Kellogg's PEP. See local paper for station and time.

THREE-RING

BINKS

BROTHER BINKS, I'M KNOWN FAR, WIDE, AND IN BETWEEN AS "PRINCE" OPTICOLA — THE HAUNTING HIGH OCTANE HYPNOTIST FROM HIPPICANOE — JUST LET ME GET THE GLEAM IN YOUR EYE ON THE BEAM OF MY HYPNOTIC POWER AND — **WHAMMO!** — YOU'LL CRAWL RIGHT INTO MY VEST POCKET WITH A FOUR-ALARM CONTRACT — HOWZABOUT IT, PAL — **CONCENTRATE!**

BOOKING AGENT DELUXE FOR CARNIVALS, FLOOR SHOWS, CIRCUSES — OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

HOLD EVERYTHING BEFORE YOU BLOW A FUSE, YOU REFUGEE FROM A SQUIRREL CAGE, THEN SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT "SWANGAELIC" — THE M. C. FOR EVERY HYPNOTIST THAT EVER "HYPPED" — LISTEN!...

SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO I WAS TUGGING AND HAULING A GASPING ONE-CYLINDERED CARNIVAL THROUGH THE PANHANDLE COUNTRY DOWN TEXAS WAY, WHEN WHO SHOULD BARGE INTO MY OFFICE ONE DAY, BUT —

— WELL, BUB, BEFORE I COULD RECITE LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH, HE HAD ME UNDER HIS HYPNOTIC SPELL AND DOING EVERYTHING BUT RUNNING FOR CONGRESS —

"GIVE ME THE EYE, HOMBRE! — "SWANGAELIC" THE HYPNOTIST WANTS "IN" WITH YOUR SHOW HERE, HE WANTS! — I'M SWANGAELIC, QUIET!!

W-WHY, YOU-U-U... YOU-U-U...

YOU ARE NOW MY PET SEAL, BOSCO — JUGGLE THAT BALL!





— WHEN HE FINALLY SNAPPED ME OUT OF MY TRANCE, I RUSHED HIM RIGHT INTO OUR MAIN OFFICE AND STUCK HIS THUMB PRINTS RIGHT ONTO A RUN-OF-THE-SHOW CONTRACT — BULL—IEVE YOU ME! —



I CAN'T READ, NEIDER I CAN'T WRITE — BUT OUTSIDE OF THAT I'M GOOD — JUST TRY AND STICK ME!

MAH FRIEND, IN THIS SHOW WE'RE ALL LIKE ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!

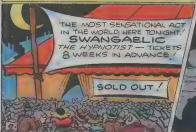
— WE HAD ANOTHER TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE — HE HADN'T TOLD ME ABOUT — HE COULD FOCUS THIS HYPNOTIC POWER OF HIS ON A SUBJECT AND SEND IT LONG DISTANCE — A SORT OF A REMOTE CONTROL FROM A BLOCK AWAY! —



I WILL NOW ASK THAT GENTLEMAN, WHO FOR THE MOMENT IS A BULL TERRIER, TO BARK AT HIS FRIEND!

GRR-RR!
GRR-RUH!

— IN ONE MONTH HIS ACT BECAME SUCH A BOX-OFFICE SELL-OUT THAT WE QUIT THE 'BANK' TOWN CIRCUIT FLAT AND WENT ON THE 'BIG-TIME', SOLID — WITH UNLIMITED STOP-OVERS! —



THE MOST SENSATIONAL ACT IN THE WORLD HERE TONIGHT!
SWANGAELIC
THE HYPNOTIST — TICKETS 8 WEEKS IN ADVANCE!

SOLD OUT!

— HE OPENED HIS ACT AT OUR VERY NEXT OVERNIGHT JUMP — AND HE WAS ALL-OUT GEN-SAY — SHUN-NELL! —



BOY — IS HE A RIOT!

HE'S JUST TOO-TOO-TOO GOOD!

Wow! HE PANICS ME!

— HE WAS A 'CUTEY' TOO. HE USED HIS SUPERNATURAL TALENT WHENEVER HE NEEDED IT MOST — MANY'S A TIME I'VE SEEN HIM GET THREE ORDERS OF HAM 'N' EGGS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE, WHEN CASH WAS SKIMPY! MERELY BY THROWING THAT HYPNOTIC POWER OF HIS 'INTO HIGH' —

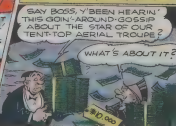


A VERY MEAGER PORTION, MY FRIEND — VERY MEAGER!!

I'M SORRY, PAL, BUT SOMETHIN' JUST CAME OVER ME — I'M SEEIN' EVERYTHING TRIPLE!

ZING!

— FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS WE JUST 'BALED' UP OUR PROFITS IN FOLDING-MONEY TO SAVE SPACE — THEN IT HAPPENED!! —



SAY BOSS, Y'BEEN HEARIN' THIS GOIN'-AROUND-GOSSIP ABOUT THE STAR OF OUR TENT-TOP AERIAL TROUPE?

WHAT'S ABOUT IT?

\$10,000



— WELL, PRINCESS PANACEA—THE NIMBLEST TRAPEZE ARTISTE IN SHOW BUSINESS WAS THE PARTY UNDER DISCUSSION, AND THE GIST OF THE GOSSIP WAS THAT —

ALL'S THAT'S ABOUT IT, BOSS— IS THAT OUR MEAL-TICKET ATTRACTION, (AND WHAT A MEAL!) IS COMPLETELY GOOFY ABOUT HER— AND SHE DOESN'T EVEN SUSPECT IT!

HAR-RUMPH!

PRINCESS PANACEA
SHINING STAR OF
ALL THE WORLD'S
AERIALISTS

NOW THIS PRINCE PAREGOZA, WAS A HAIR-TRIGGER JEALOUS HOMBRE. IN HIS OWN RIGHT, HE WAS NOT ONLY DOUBLE-SMITTEN ON THE FAIR PRINCESS HIMSELF, BUT HE WAS ALSO WELL-AWARE OF OUR HYPNOTIST'S BY-PLAY— SEE HOW THIS THING IS STARTING TO JELL? —

GRR-R!
I'LL MAKE IT LIKE
A HOBBY OF MINE
TO KEEB HIM!

DRESSING
ROOMS
←

— PANACEA'S CLOSING STUNT IN THE ACT WAS TO CATCH PRINCE PAREGOZA IN MID-AIR AFTER HE COMPLETED THREE FULL SOMERSAULTS FROM A FLYING TRAPEZE— IT FLOORED EVERY AUDIENCE! —



WHILE SWANGAELIC, THE BROODER, WENT INTO A SPECIAL OVERTIME BROOD— AND PLANNED HIMSELF A PLAN!

SHE'S ALL MINE— AND
WHAT'S MINE, I KEEP!
I'LL PUT THE OL' HYPNOSIS
ON HER AND WE'LL ELOPE
BEFORE NEXT SUNDAY SUNUP.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE PRINCESS KNOWING NOTHING OF SWANGAELIC'S SILENT ADORATION, WAS FINALLY TURNING THE SWEET SMILE ON PRINCE PAREGOZA'S OVERTURES OF AFFECTION.

WELL— HE MAY BE INSIPID, DUMB, HOMELY, OVERBEARING, BROKE AND USELESS, BUT HE'LL DO!

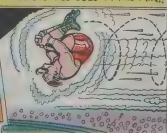
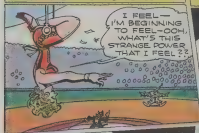
SWANGAELIC WENT TO WORK!

AHA! — ALL SET — HER ACT
IS ON — I'LL ROLL UP MY
SLEEVES FOR THIS LITTLE JOB!



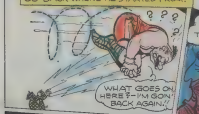
—WHILE HANGING HIGH ON THE SUSPENDED TRAPEZE, PRINCESS PANACEA AWAITED PRINCE PAREGOZA WITH OUT-STRETCHED ARMS — LIKE A FLASH, SWANGAELIC THREW ON THE FULL POWER OF HIS HYPNOTIC GENIUS FROM BELOW —

—PRINCE PAREGOZA CAME HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR AT BREAKNECK SPEED TOWARD THE PRINCESS — SWANGAELIC THEN SWITCHED ALL OF HIS VAST HYPNOTIC POWERS ON HIM — AND THE PRINCE STOPPED 'COLD' IN MID-AIR!!

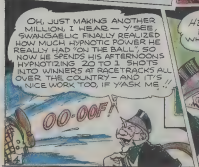


AND THEN, — SWANGAELIC'S POWER WAS SO VAST, HE ACTUALLY MADE THE PRINCE REVERSE HIS HALF-FINISHED LEAP IN THE AIR — AND GO BACK WHERE HE STARTED FROM!

— THE PRINCESS STILL HANGING THERE — WITH NOTHING TO CATCH — TOOK IT ALL AS A PERSONAL INSULT AND QUIT THE SHOW COLD THAT NIGHT — ARM IN ARM WITH OUR OLD FRIEND, SWANGAELIC!!



THEY BOTH QUIT SHOW BUSINESS LIKE THAT? — WHADDA THEY DOIN' NOW?



BILLY BRAND

STORIES BEHIND FAMOUS AMERICAN NAMES



THE REFUGEES

by Stan Carter

EVEN in the new country, which had received them at first with open arms, the refugees began to feel the relentless pressure of persecution. How eagerly had they come here, this band of strange people! How hopefully they had taken up the brave task of learning new customs and manners. This, to them, was *their* country, willing were they to learn its modes; for they sought but one thing, peace.

But now, as one studied their harassed faces at this meeting of the elder men, it was plain that a new land would have to be found. Persecution had not come yet, but it was only a step behind. Soon its heel would be upon them and once more would come tragedy.

More than one of the older men, meeting on this night, knew the time for moving had come again. Yet each hesitated to utter the fateful words that would start the exodus. Each man knew the long line of weary men, women, and children, knew the torture in each heart, despite the forced smiles on their faces.

One must have a place to rest one's head, to feel that this is his own, his native land. Nevertheless, a man had to speak now, and it was Morris who said: "We have tried, my friends, to live here in peace and in justice. We have followed the laws of this country

and trespassed not on the ways of any man. Yet we are not being given justice. I vote we go again, while there is yet time."

"Why do we not wait longer?" asked a speaker, jumping to his feet. "At least for another year?"

"Fleeing, fleeing, a l w a y s fleeing," grumbled another of the older men. "I say stand and fight."

"But we are a peaceful people," Morris replied. "It is not our doctrine to fight."

So the debate wrangled on for hours. Then, at last it was finished. With solemn handshakes, the men departed. Within a few days, at most they would go quietly away and seek a new haven.

So carefully laid were their plans, so quietly were they executed, that few saw them go onto the ship which lay peacefully at the wharf. Up the gangplank they trooped, a line of men, women and children. On their faces was the same mark each knew so well for each face was a mirror of the beholder. It was the mark of a persecuted people, a people seeking peace and a tranquil way of life.

They were on the sea only one day when the storm clouds gathered, and the churning waters became menacing mountains, tossing the ship like a ball. But that was only

one of the terrors which the voyage was to hold.

It wasn't a large ship, for refugees such as were the passengers could not afford to travel in style. Further, they had no wish to do so. It would only bring attention to them, and that they had no desire to receive. Better to steal away while there was time.

This latter thought was expressed by Morris, who had assumed a sort of leadership. He, like the others, knew the horrible, dirty jails into which they had been thrown.

Perhaps that was one of the reasons why he meekly suffered the taunts of the crew. The Captain of the vessel, although a tolerant man, seemed disinterested in them. He had been well paid, and perhaps on the return trip he could bring back a cargo which would make the voyage extremely profitable.

For days, they rode out the wrath of the angry seas, and only hope of this new haven helped them to bear the long voyage. In the minds of the adults, dreams formed of an ideal way of life, free from the persecution which seemed their endless lot.

Food was not plentiful, and many nights, the sharp pang of hunger assailed each passenger, from youngest child to oldest adults. Yet what they received was sufficient to sustain them, taken with faith,

Nevertheless, grave doubts began to assail some of the less hardy. Would they ever make port? Perhaps this was some sort of plot, engineered by their enemies, to be rid of them forever? The strain began to tell on the faces of the weaker men, and, as the days went by, and the pressure grew greater, nerves were at the breaking point.

Morris, standing on the after deck, watching the apathy of the passengers, the friends whom he had known since childhood, was worried. How much longer could the band of 102 stand this terrible trip? Then, he smiled at the irony of the figure. Only one person had died, but last night there had been a birth. To his simple mind, it seemed a good omen.

"And perhaps it is," he murmured over the angry roar of the sea. "Perhaps we are destined this time to find our land of peace and freedom all together."

He recalled now the other exodus this same band had made. It had been larger then, but hunger and thirst had claimed a number of them. He clenched his fingers into tight bands of steel. "This time," he vowed, "we will fight for our freedom." Once more he looked at the men, women and children huddled on the deck. He had made a decision. He would speak to the Captain, demand to know why he hadn't sighted land yet.

He started toward the quarter deck, then stopped as a ringing cry rang out: "Land Ho!"

It was like wine brought to

parched lips and throats. People scrambled from the deck, some leaned dizzily against the rail. Hope sprang again into pale faces, bringing a rush of blood into cheeks which had known no color for weeks.

"It's land, land!" they cried. Then they tried to see it, but could not. Only the man in the crow's nest, scanning the far horizon, could see it.

Morris smiled at them. Then, the smile suddenly left his face. The land to which they had been supposed to come was a warm land, where the sun was said always to shine. Yet here there was a chill to the air that cut like a knife. A frightening thought entered his mind. "Have we been betrayed?" he asked himself. "Brought to another country?"

There had been no way of knowing. It would have been very simple to change a course, for not one of the refugees knew navigation.

He was trembling as he saw the Captain emerge from his cabin in response to the lookout's cry. Hurriedly, Morris ascended the ladder leading to the bridge. He faced the Captain, shrewd eyes boring into the weather-beaten eyes of the mariner.

"This does not seem the land which we believed we were going," he said, haltingly. "Are you sure...?"

"It's the country, all right," the Captain said curtly, "but it's not the place you expected. I had to turn back, take a northward course."

"A northward course?" Anxiety caused Morris' voice to crack. He did not know where he was, what manner of people he and his fellows-in-persecution would meet. "But why?"

"Because of shoals and breakers," the answer came gruffly. "There is nothing in my sailing orders that said I had to risk my ship. You're getting off when we dock." He paused. "You can find your way of living in this country, all right." Then, laughing: "You'll see the truth here."

Morris bowed his head, then raised it to look at the people crowding the rail. The land was easily seen now, and the ship rode swiftly toward it, as though happy to find a moment's rest and discharge her strange cargo of homeless. Without a word, Morris turned and descended the ladder.

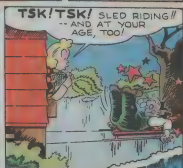
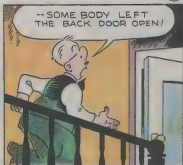
He joined the excited throng, stood with them and cheered as they cheered. Perhaps, he thought, the Captain is right. It really mattered not where they landed, so long as they could find freedom, escape the endless persecution they had suffered so long.

He looked at the bleak coastline, watched the waves breaking high on the giant rocks. "Yes," he murmured, "I think we will find peace here. And if we have to fight for our liberty, it will be well worth fighting for." He turned now, and spoke to one of the older men. "Let us get our belongings together, friend," he said. "In a few moments the *Mayflower* will dock."

The refugees had come home, their pilgrimage ended.



THE BONERS





The

BOY COMMANDOS

in

"The LOCUSTS of LOHAN!"



ORDER OF THE DAY:
Crops look good
this year...but
watch out for
locusts wearing
the Mikado's
uniforms!

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

THE SERPENT OF JAPAN IS STILL A SLITHERING MENACE... AND THIS TIME IT'S A HUNGRY SERPENT, GOBLING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT. BUT THE **BOY COMMANDOS** AREN'T THE KIND TO TAKE STARVATION LYING DOWN. AND WHEN IT'S MEAL TIME IN CHINA WITHOUT A CRUST IN THE CUPBOARD, THE LADS PULL IN THEIR BELTS AND START A SCRAP FOR SQUARE MEALS FOR EVERYBODY BUT THE INVADERS!

By JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY



THE LONG ROAD TO TIPPERARY NEVER HAD MORE WEARY MILES TO IT THAN THIS ROUTE TO A CERTAIN CHINESE GUERRILLA CAMP.

MARCHIN' ALL DAY IS BAD ON DA FEET... AND WOISE ON DA STUMMICK! WHEN DO WE EAT, RID?

RIGHT NOW, BROOKLYN! PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A SURPRISE!

OWWW... RICE! DIS IS DA SECOND WEEK WE BEEN HAVIN' RICE AND NOTHIN' BUT RICE!

CAN'T HELP IT... WE COULDN'T BRING ENOUGH RATIONS SO WE HAVE TO LIVE OFF THE COUNTRY!

AND WERE ZE JAPS HAVE STRIPPED ZE LAND BARE.

BUT SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

HEY! I MUST BE SEEN' T'INGS... DOSE LOOK LIKE WATERMELONS!

DERE'S CORN!

BLIMEY! HIT'S A BLOOMIN' FEAST.

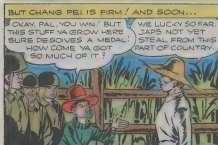
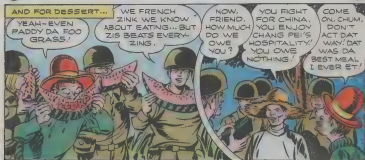
WAIT! WE NEED PERMISSION!

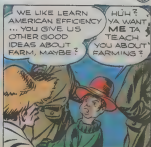
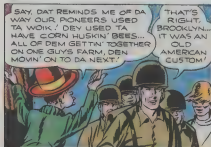
PERMISSION THEY GET. AND PRESENTLY...

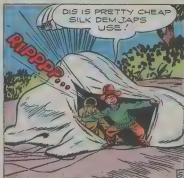
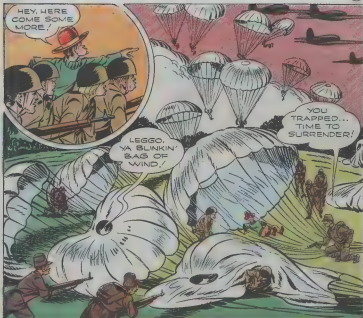
YUM, YUM!

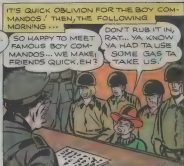
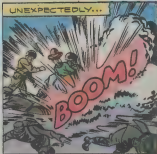
VERY PLEASED THAT YOU LIKE!

JOLLY, WHAT?

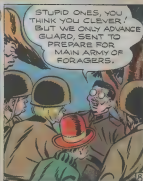
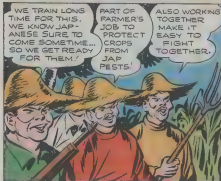
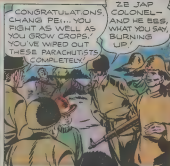
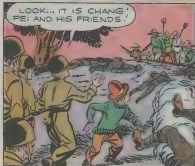


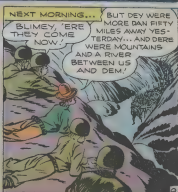
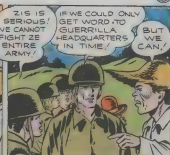


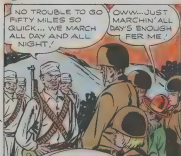












NO TROUBLE TO GO FIFTY MILES SO QUICK... WE MARCH ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT!

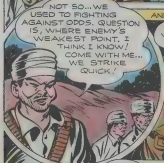
OWW...JUST MARCHIN' ALL DAY'S ENOUGH FER ME!



NOW WE HERE, WE DEAL WITH JAPANESE! WE HAVE ONLY THOUSAND MEN...

AND FROM ALL REPORTS, THEY'VE GOT AN ENTIRE DIVISION, WELL EQUIPPED!

DAT IS A BUNCH OF SOLDIERS.



NOT SO...WE USED TO FIGHTING AGAINST ODDS. QUESTION IS, WHERE ENEMY'S WEAKEST POINT. I THINK I KNOW! COME WITH ME... WE STRIKE QUICK!

AND SO, SHORTLY...

DEM TRUCKS AINT MOVIN' VERY FAST... DEY MUST BE LOADED WID SOLDIERS.

THEY'RE LOADED, ALL RIGHT...



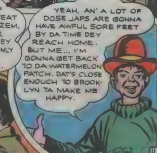
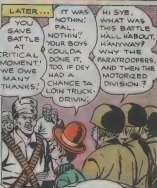
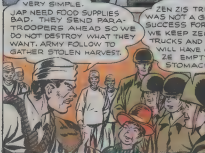
WHEEE...

BUT THERE'S OUR SIGNAL...LET'S GO!



GOOD AIM, BOYS!

BOOM!





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AIR WAVE



5
C
R
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D
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S

WHAT'LL IT BE... "RECKLESS DARING THAT RISKS ALL TO TAKE ALL"... OR "SLOW CAUTION THAT PLAYS IT SAFE WITH SMALLER WINNINGS?" THAT'S A NEAT POINT FOR THE BOYS TO DECIDE! WELL, WHEN DARING LIPPY LANE AND CAREFUL KYNE GET TOGETHER ON A JOB, THERE'S PLENTY OF TROUBLE FOR *Air Wave* BEFORE HE LEARNS A NEW MOTTO FOR HANDLING MUGGOS...

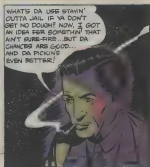
"CAUTION...HANDLE WITHOUT CARE!"

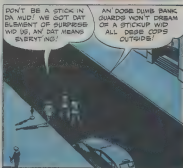
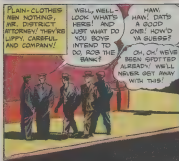
HERE'S A DEBATE FOR YOU...

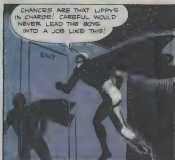
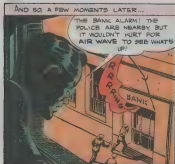
DA TROUBLE WID YOU, CAREFUL, IS DAT YOU WANT A SURE T'ING! YOU DON'T TAKE NO CHANCES... BUT YOU DON'T GET NO PLACE, NEIDER!

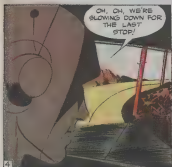
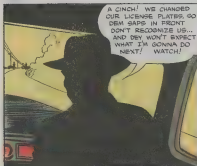
LIKE IN JAIL, FER INSTANCE!

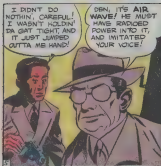
WHAT'S DA USE STAYIN' OUTTA JAIL IF YA DON'T GET NO DOUBT? NOW, I GOT AN IDEA FER SOMETHIN' THAT AIN'T SURE-FIRE...BUT DA CHANCES ARE GOOD... AND DA PICKIN'S EVEN BETTER!

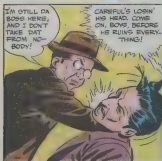
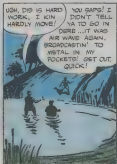














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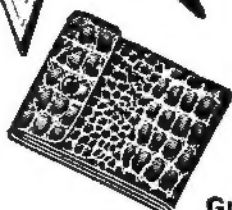
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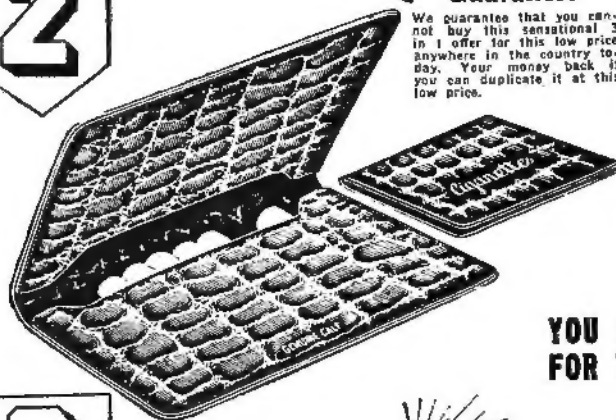


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\$1.50 Value Genuine Alligator Grain Matching Leather Cigarette Case

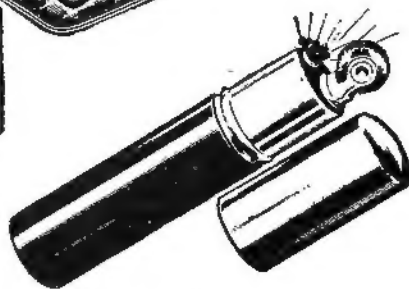
The handsome Cigarette Case is a fitting companion piece to the Billfold described above. It's made from the same genuine Alligator Grain Leather and is made to hold a full package of TWENTY CIGARETTES. Each Cigarette Case is reinforced with a hidden metal reinforcement that holds the case in shape and prevents your cigarettes from bending or breaking. The case fits neatly into your vest pocket or breast pocket without bulging.



50¢ Value Famous CIGAR LIGHTER

Cigarette Lighters have been plenty scarce. Virtually none have been manufactured for several years now and we feel fortunate in offering you the famous-prewar type, all metal FLAMEMASTER lighter in a beautiful matched two-tone finish. Measuring only 2 3/8 inches in length, this "fool-proof" lighter works unflinchingly. Just a few drops of fluid and your lighter is ready for months of carefree, unflinching service.

3



YOU GET \$4.00 WORTH OF QUALITY MERCHANDISE FOR THE AMAZING LOW PRICE OF ONLY \$1.98

Men everywhere ask us how we can make this sensational 3 in 1 offer for such a low price! Tremendous buying power is the answer. More than 1,000,000 satisfied customers have bought and are using our Billfolds. Don't be misled by the low price! We guarantee this to be \$4.00 value or we want you to return the Billfold, Cigarette Case and Cigarette Lighter and get your money back in full. You are to be the sole judge. If this sounds to you like a fair, honest-to-goodness, man to man offer—and we're sure you'll agree it does—then fill out the coupon below and rush it to us. We'll ship your genuine Alligator Grain Leather Billfold, the matching Cigarette Case, and the FLAMEMASTER Lighter, all for \$1.98 plus a few cents COD Charges.

HERE'S A USEFUL BEAUTIFUL GIFT THAT WILL GLADDEN THE HEART OF THAT BOY IN SERVICE!



Ask any service man what gifts are most appreciated and you'll find that a Billfold, Cigarette Case and a Lighter are high on the list of most wanted and most useful articles. Imagine how pleased any boy would be to receive all three at one time in a matching set such as this. A gift to last for years and one he'll remember always.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3234
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please rush me the complete set of genuine Alligator Grain Leather Billfold, the matching Cigarette Case and the FLAMEMASTER Lighter (C.O.D.) for only \$1.98 plus 15¢ Federal Tax on Billfold only and few cents postage. I must be more than pleased or I will return in 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____

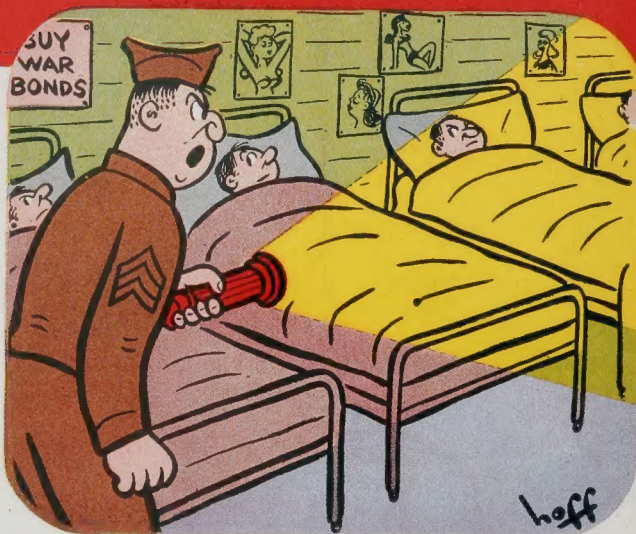
ADDRESS _____

CITY & ZONE _____

STATE _____

☐ I enclose \$1.98 plus 15¢ Federal Tax with my order to save all shipping charges. Ship the 3 articles to me all postage charges prepaid.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh EVEREADY batteries** *DATED*



"Now does anyone else want to be tucked in before I put out the light!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" If you want to bet on a sure thing—buy War Bonds!

IF YOUR DEALER tells you he can't supply you with "Eveready" flashlight batteries—he has the best of reasons. Nearly all the batteries we can make go directly to the Armed Forces and essential war industries. That leaves only a trickle coming through for civilian consumption.

However, we can promise you this: when war ends "Eveready" batteries will be back in force. Yes, and they will be even better batteries than before, improved in every way.

**Fresh
DATED BATTERIES
Last Longer**

Look for the date line



EVEREADY
TRADE MARK

Double-Mellow

Old Gold

SCANS

by
Snard

"ZIP-TOP"
OPENS
DOUBLE CLICK

